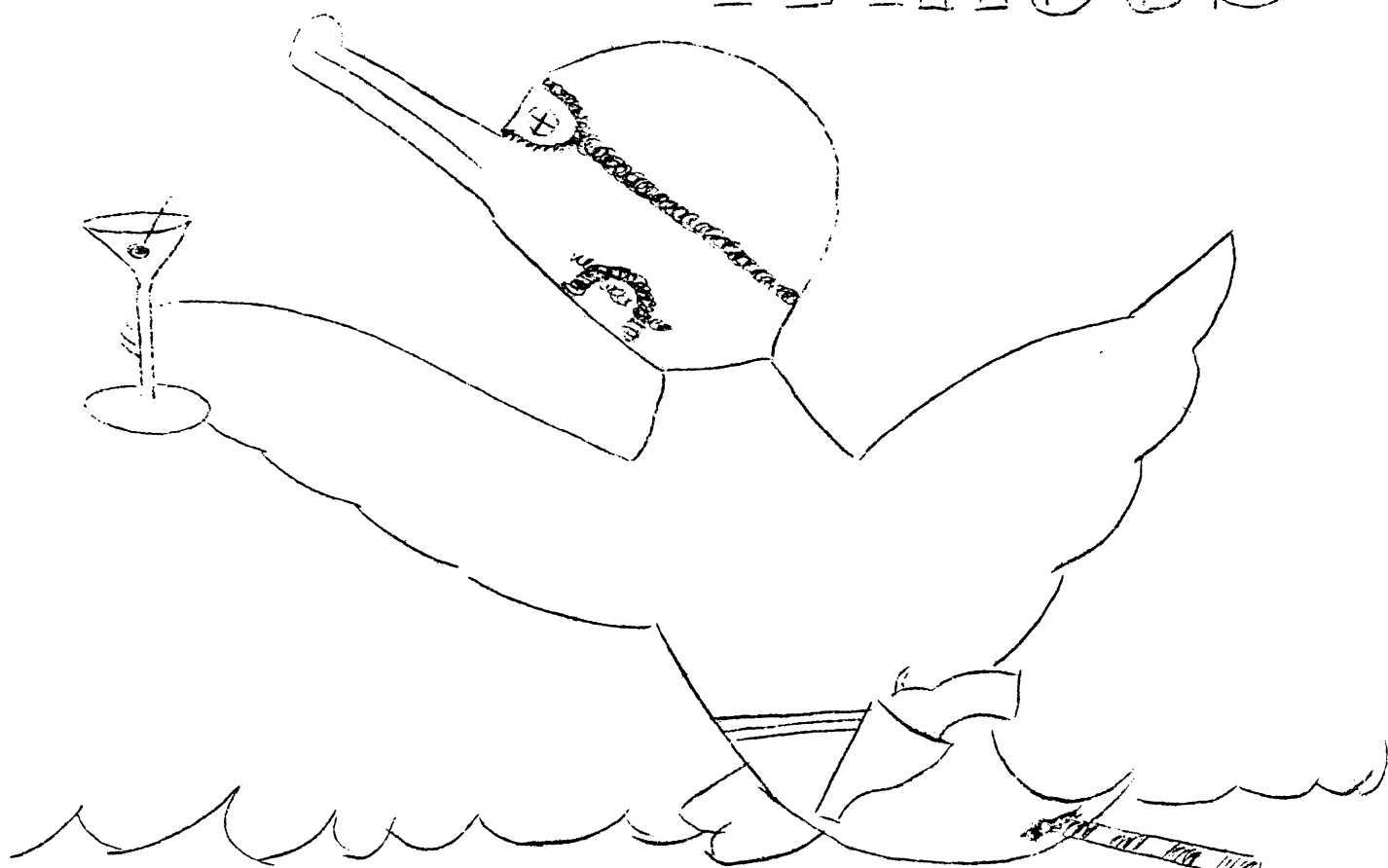


VT4
WORLD FAMOUS



RUBBER DUCK'S
Hymnal

of
Beautiful and
Sensitive
Love Songs
(And Such)



SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball
But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
They say I shot him in the head,
with a fucking piece of lead
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing,
from a fucking piece of string
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, that parson he will come, so fuck 'em all
Oh, that parson he will come, so fuck 'em all
Oh, that parson he will come,
with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman wore a mask,
for his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too,
with his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd,
and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud, fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope,
thought it was a fucking joke
Now my goddamned neck is broke, so F-U-C-K 'E-M A-L-L.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a T-2 Buckeye, so ugly it makes aviators cry,
Flying it is no chore, but Christ what an eyesore,
Don't give me a T-2 Buckeye.

CHORUS:

Just give me operations, way out on some lonely atoll,
For I am too young to die, I just want to grow old.

Don't give me an A-3 Skywarrior, as big as a missile destroyer,
The pilot sits on his ass, and passes lots of gas,
Don't give me an A-3 Skywarrior.

CHORUS

Don't give me an Intruder, no, it flys in the rain, sleet and snow,
It doesn't go fast, and it looks kind of half-assed,
Don't give me an Intruder, no.

CHORUS

Don't give me an A7A, a great bombing platform you say,
But depart that mother, that's all she wrote brother,
Don't give me an A7A.

CHORUS

Don't give me an RA5C, long, sleek, good looking to see,
but shake hands with your maker if you hit rudder shaker,
Don't give me an RA5C.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F8J, a really nice bird in the day,
but try it at night, it's a hell of a fright,
Don't give me an F8J.

CHORUS

Don't give me a Tomcat my friend, with two tails and two wings that
bend
Power it don't lack, but it's got a guy in the back,
Don't give me a Tomcat my friend.

CHORUS

Don't give me an A4 Skyhawk, it cruises like most people walk,
It don't carry much gas, and can't get anywhere fast
Don't give me an A4 Skyhawk.

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the goddamned things,
Now I don't want them anymore,
They taught me how to fly then they sent me off to die,
Well, I've had a belly full of war;
You can save those bloody Zeroes for the other goddamned heroes,
Distinguished Flying Crosses do not compensate for losses,
Buster ...

I wanted wings till I got the goddamned things
Now I don't want them anymore.

Yes, I'll take the dames let the rest go down in flames,
I have no desire to be burned;
Air combat spells romance till they shoot holes in my pants
I'm not a fighter I have learned;
You can save the MIG 21's for the other songs of guns,
I'd rather make a woman than be shot down in a Grumman, Buster ...

Now I'm too young to die in a lousy PBY,
That's for the eager not for me,
I don't trust in my luck to be picked up by a duck
After I've crashed into the sea;
Yes, I'd rather be a terrier than a flyer on a carrier
With my hand around a bottle, you can keep your goddamned throttle,
Buster ...

I do not care to fly over Hanoi or Cat Bi,
Flak always makes me lose my lunch,
I get an urge to pray when they holler, "Bombs away..."
I'd rather be at home with the bunch;
For there's one thing you can't laugh off,
When they shoot your tailpipe half-off,
I'd rather be home buster with my tail than with a cluster,
Buster...

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow,
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew,
The rumor has it next they'll be dehydrating sex
And that's the day I'll tell the coach I'm through;
For I've managed all the dangers, the shooting back of strangers
But when I get home late I want my woman straight, Buster ...

BARNACLE BILL, THE PILOT

"Naval aviation is the life for me,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor;
I'll jump my ship and I'll leave the sea
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor;
I'll fly so high I'll pass the sky,
In gravitation I'll defy,
I'll make the ladies faint and sigh,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

"Pretty soon you'll lose that grin
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin,"
Cried the fair young maiden.

"Well, I'm rough and tough and I know my stuff,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the pilot;
I'll fly the ship till I've had enough,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the pilot.
"Oh, I know the struts, I know the fins,
I know the barrel rolls and spins,
I know the outs, I'll learn the ins,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the pilot.

"You're out of gas, you must go down
You're out of gas, you must go down
You're out of gas, you must go down,"
Cried the fair young maiden.

"Well, I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the pilot;
"I've made my way through thick and thin,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the pilot.
He kicked the rudder, he pulled the stick,
He hit the ground like a ton of brick
I'd tell you more, but it makes me sick,
Poor Barnacle Bill, the pilot!

"Here's some flowers for his grave
Here's some flowers for his grave
Many brave hearts lie asleep in the deep,"
Cried the fair young maiden.

KOTEX SONG
(CAISONS GO ROLLING ALONG)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,
When the end of the month rolls around.
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms,
When the end of the month rolls around.

For its Hi, Hi, Hee, in the Kotex industry,
SISTER! JUNIOR! BANDAID!
Now ere you go, the blood will always flow,
When the end of the month rolls around,
Keep 'em bleeding -- when the end of the month rolls around.

THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves fallen women from sin
He'll save you a blond for five dollars
My God how the money rolls in!

CHORUS:

Rolls in, Rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in --
Rolls in, Rolls in,
Rolls in, Rolls in,
My God how the money Rolls in!

My grandma sells cheap prophylactics
and punctures the heads with a pin
'Cause grandpa gets rich from abortions
My God, how the money rolls in!

CHORUS:

My uncle is whittling out candles
From wax that is specially soft
He says that they'll come in real handy
If ever his business drops off!

CHORUS:

I've lost all my dough on the horses
I'm sick from the second-hand gin
I'm falling in love with my father
My God, what a mess I'm in.

MY AIR GROUP LIES OVER THE OCEAN
(MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN)

The air wing has gone off the bow boys,
The Skyhawks, Crusaders and Spads,
Out into the darkness we flung them,
And now everyone is quite sad.

Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back
my air wing to me, to me.

I raced up the ladder to pri-fly,
Heart thumping and wobbly knees.
I gulped down my quota of stack gas,
And made it with one cough and wheeze.

Blow tubes, blow tubes, we've got one
poor lad in the groove, the groove,
Blow tubes, blow tubes, we've got one
poor lad in the groove.

On the flag bridge they sighted a rain squall,
And put on some turns and some more.
The Admiral said he'd give to them, them all,
If they missed one and spoiled the score.

Snow, rain, snow, rain, it don't make no
difference they go, they go.
Snow, rain, snow, rain, it don't make no
difference they go.

It was dark and the flight deck was pitching
The weather was ever so gross
In primary the Air Boss sat bitching
While drinking coffee and picking his nose.

Dark, dark, it's never dark, as long as you're
not in the air, the air,
Dark, dark, it's never dark as long as you're
not in the air.

To the captain the lookout did utter,
Our aircraft are approaching the ship.
Blow tubes, then give me some rudder,
And we'll give the young bastards the slip.

Line up, line up, you're high, you're fast
and good bye, good bye.
Line up, line up, you're high, you're fast
and good bye.

Now Skyhawk dancing in stack gas,
You're technique's not really the worst.
You'll make it for sure on the next pass,
Your hook was not down on the first.

More, more, send us more, the pattern looks good
from the deck, the deck,
More, more, send us more, the pattern looks good
from the deck.

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
There are no fighter pilots down in hell,
For the place is full of queers, skyhawk
drivers, bombadiers,
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no Air force pilots in the fray,
There are no Air Force pilots in the fray,
They're all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
There are no Air Force pilots in the fray.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots on the staff,
There are no fighter pilots on the staff,
Oh, the place is full of brass
Sitting 'round on their fat ass,
But there are no fighter pilots on the staff.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states,
There are no fighter pilots in the states,
For they're all on foreign shores,
Making mothers out of whores,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
There are no fighter pilots down in hell,
They are all up above,
Drinking gin and making love,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

I'M A NON-COMBATANT PUKE (YANKEE DOODLE)

I'm a Non-Combatant Asshole,
I have never killed a Cong
I just sit around and shoot the Shit
Go home and yank on my Dong.

I bought my Ribbons at a pawn shop
Only cost Two Ninety Five
I was alive in '65 and I'll be alive in '70
I am a Non-Combatant Puke.

JESUS SAVES

Jesus puts his money in the First National Bank
Jesus puts his money in the First National Bank
Jesus puts his money in the First National Bank
Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves!!

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long, the short and the tall,
Bless old McDonald for building his jet,
I know a guy who is cursing him yet.
For he tried to go over the wall,
With his drop tanks and tail hook and all.
The needles did cross,
and the wings did come off,
So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball.
Bless those instructors who taught me to fly,
Sent me to solo and left me to die.
If ever your blow jet should stall,
You're due for one helluva fall.
No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots,
So cheer up my lads bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long, the short and the tall.
Bless all the sailors and their bloody sons,
Bless all the chiefs, the fat headed ones.
For I'm saying goodbye to them all,
The long, the short and the tall.
Here's to you and those mothers, go
shove it up, brothers,
I'm going back home in the fall.

PLASTIC JESUS

I don't care if it rains or freezes
As long as I got my plastic Jesus
Sitt'n on the dashboard of my car.

I don't care if the road gets hairy
As long as I got my magnetic Mary
Sitt'n on the dashboard of my car.

I don't have to watch my behavior
As long as I got my suction Savior
Sitt'n on the dashboard of my car.

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

Oh, I put my finger in the Woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said, "Goddamn your soul"
Take it out, Take it out, Take it out,
REMOVE IT!

Oh, I took my finger from the Woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said "Goddamn your soul"
Put it back, Put it back, Put it back,
REPLACE IT!

I replaced my finger in the Woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said "Goddamn your soul"
Turn it around, Turn it round, Turn it round
REVOLVE IT!

Oh, I revolved my finger in the Woodpecker's hole
and the Woodpecker said "Goddamn your soul"
The other way, the other way, the other way,
REVERSE IT!

Oh, I reversed my finger in the Woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said "Goddamn your soul"
Take it out, Take it out, SMELL IT,
REVOLTING!

ON TOP OF OLD HANOI (ON TOP OF OLD SMOKIE)

On top of old Hanoi, all covered with flak,
I lost my poor wingman, He'll never come back,
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief,
And a quick triggered commie, is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you, and take all that you have,
But a quick triggered commie will send you to the grave,
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust,
Not one MIG in a thousand, a Phantom can trust.

Now when the bad weather keeps the ships down,
All the way we can hear this horrible sound,
Attention all pilots, now listen to this,
There'll be a short meeting, that you dare not miss.

SAMMY SMALL
(SEA VERSION)

O, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all
O, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all
O, we fly the goddamn plane,
Through the flak and through the rain,
And tomorrow we'll do it again, so fuck 'em all.

O, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all
O, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,
O, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive, and just to jink,
LBJ's a goddamn fink, so fuck 'em all.

O, we bombed MuGia pass, fuck 'em all,
O, we bombed MuGia pass, fuck 'em all,
O, we bombed MuGia pass,
Though we only made one pass,
They really stuck it up our ass, so fuck 'em all.

O, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,
O, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,
O, they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

O, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,
O, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,
O, we strafed goddamn Hanoi,
Killed every girl and boy,
What a goddamn fucking joy! so fuck 'em all.

O, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,
O, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,
O, my bird it did get shot,
And I'll probably cry a lot
But I still think that it's shit hot, so fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute, fuck 'em all,
While I'm hanging in my chute, fuck 'em all,
While I'm tangled in my chute,
Comes this silly fucking toot,
Hangs a medal on my root, so FUCK EM ALL.

SHERMAN TOWER
(FOUR LEAF CLOVER)

I'm losing power over Sherman Tower
I'm on the go-round again
EGT is falling, my gear won't come down
Looks like I'm headed right into the ground.
No need complaining, no fuel remaining,
To me this looks like the end.
Please send my flowers to Sherman Tower,
My altitude is minus 10.

OFF WE GO, ON A ONE HOUR TEST HOP
(AIR FORCE HYMN)

Off we go, on a one hour test hop,
Over the land, not over the sea.
And for this feat, we get a ten-day furlough,
A raise in rank, and a D.F.C.
We're heroes all, if you can tell by medals,
We get a lot, and more as we go -
We're out to kill, ourselves, we will!!
For nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force
(From getting medals)
Oh nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force
(Those raving assholes)
Oh, nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force.

OLD _____ USED TO OWN A GROCERY STORE

Old _____ used to own a grocery store
He used to hang his meat upon the outside of the door
All the little children used to Yell and Scream and Shout..
Old _____ YOUR PORK IS HANG'N OUT!!!

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT
(MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY)

By the ring around his eyeball
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot
By the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator
By his sextants, maps, and such
You can tell a fighter pilot
But you can't tell him much.

FINICULE, FINICULE

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
It felt so good--I knew it would,
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat,
It was so nice--I did it twice.

You----should really see me on the short strokes,
It feels so good, I use my hand,
You----must really catch me on the long strokes,
It feels so neat, I use my feet.

Shake, it, break it, beat it on the floor,
Smash it, bash it, thrust it thru the door,
Some people seem to think that fucking is grand,
But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

MARY ANNE BYRNES

Mary Anne Byrnes was the queen of all the acrobats,
She could do tricks that would give a cat the shits,
Roll green peas from her fundamental orifice,
Turn a double back flip and catch 'em on her tits,
She's a great big sonofabitch, twice as big as me,
Hair on her ass like branches on a tree,
She can shit, piss, fight, fuck,
Fly a plane, drive a truck,
Mary Anne Byrnes is the girl for me!!

BY THE LIGHT

(BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON)

By the light of the flickering match
I saw her snatch
By the light of the match, sweet match.

By the light of the flickering match
I saw her cream
I heard her scream
I was burning her snatch
With the flickering match!!

SILVER BOMBS
(SILVER BELLS)

CHORUS: Silver Bombs, Silver Bombs,
It's Christmas time over Hanoi,
Ting-A-Line, Hear them ring,
Soon it will be NAVY's big day.

Bomb's are dropping, traffic's stopping,
Look at all the Napalm,
And on every street corner you'll hear.....

CHORUS:

Mother's dying, children crying,
Ho Chi's tearing his hair,
As the bombs fly in the air

Bomb's are dropping, steel mills flopping,
Industry has decreased,
All the Viet Cong will have Christmas presents.

CHORUS:

BYE, BYE, NAVY
(BYE, BYE BLACKBIRD)

When I get back home again,
I'm not going USN,
Bye, Bye, Navy.

This rotation plan is great,
But it's only two years late,
Bye, Bye, Navy.

No one in this outfit understands me,
Look at all the horseshit they all hand me.

Wings of gold, Bars of brass,
You can shove them up your ass,
Navy, Bye-Bye.

DOWNTOWN

When you get up at two o'clock in the morning
You can bet you'll be -- downtown
Shaking your boots, you're sweating heavy all over
Cause you get to go -- downtown.

Smoke a pack of cigarettes before the briefings over
Wishing you weren't bombing, wishing you were flying cover
It's safer that way-
It's hairy as hell down there-
You know you're biting your nails and you're puling your hair
You're going downtown-where all the lights are bright
Downtown-you'd rather switch than fight
Downtown-hope you'll come home tonight -- downtown, downtown
Planning the route, you keep hoping that you won't have to go
today-Downtown
Checking the weather and it's scattered to broken
So you still don't know-Downtown
Waiting for the guys in TOC to say you're cancelled
Hoping that the words they give will be what suits your fancy
Don't make me go-
I'd much rather RTE
And so you sit and you wait thinking, oh fuck shit hate
I'm going downtown-that's why I'm feeling low
Downtown-but I don't want to go
Downtown-going to see Uncle Ho-downtown, downtown.

THE POOR CO-PILOT
(IRISH JIG)

Oh, I'm the co-pilot, I sit on the right
I'm quick and courageous, I'm wonderfully bright
My job is remembering what the captain forgets
And I never talk back so I have no regrets,

CHORUS:

I'm a lousy co-pilot
And a long way from home.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,
Pull up the gear, drop it and stand by to feather,
I make out his mail form, I hire his whores,
And I fly his old crate to the tune of his snores.

CHORUS:

I make out the flight plan according to Hoyle
I take all the readings, I check on the oil
I hustle him out for the midnight alarm
I fly through the fog while he sleeps on my arm

CHORUS:

I treat him to coffee, I keep him in cokes
I laugh at his corn and his horrible jokes
And once in a while when his landings are rusty
I come through with "Yessiree, Captain, It's gusty."

CHORUS:

All in all I'm commissioned a general stooge,
I sit on the right of this high-flying scrooge
Some day I'll make captain and then I'll be blessed
I'll give my poor tongue one long helluva rest.

SHERMAN TOWER

Now Navy Sherman tower, this is Storehouse 301
I'm turning on the downwind leg,
My jet is over run
My tail-pipes over heated
The guage says eight five one
You'd better get the crash crew out,
and get them on the run.

Listen Storehouse 301, this is Navy Sherman Tower
I can not call the crash crew out,
this is their coffee hour.
You're not cleared in the pattern now,
that is plain to see.
So take it once around again,
You're not a V.I.P.

Hello Sherman Tower, this is Storehouse 301
I'm turning on my base leg now,
and I'm not having fun.
Both hydraulic systems gone,
I think my hook is bent.
I've got to get aboard this pass,
my fuel is almost spent.

Now listen Storehouse 301, this is Navy Sherman tower,
We'd like to let you in right now,
but we haven't got the power.
We'll send a note through channels,
and wait for the reply.
Until we get permission back,
just chase around the sky.

Now Navy Sherman tower, this is Storehouse 301.
I'm up in pilot's heaven,
and my flying days are done.
I'm sorry that I blew up,
I couldn't make the grade.
I guess I should have waited,
until the landing was okay-ed.

WRECK OF THE OLD NINETY-SEVEN

There were ninety-seven airplanes warming up on the apron
Far as the eye could see,
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last was a F-3D.

Then a young JG wandered into operations,
Asked for a ship to fly,
They said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll get you something by and by."

Now the first forty-six are reserved for Commanders,
The Lieutenants have the next forty-nine;
There's only one other ship on the end of the apron
Said the JG, "Then that one is mine."

So he flew over mountains and the El Toro airstrip,
When the ceiling began to fall,
The clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains,
He couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through the rain, he flew through the snowstorm,
When the light began to fail,
Then he spied a railroad going in his direction
And he said, "Better get there by rail."

He flew down the valley and he didged through the canyon,
Keeping that train in his sight,
Till the rails disappeared in a hole in the mountains,
That was the end of his flight.

It was old ninety-seven with her nose in the mountain,
Her wheels set akimbo on the track,
Yes, her throttle was bent in the forward position
But the engine was facing straight back.

Oh, ladies, ladies, take fair warning
From this time now on:
Never speak harsh words to your high-flying pilot,
He may leave you and never return.

GORY GORY
(BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC)

Let's sing a toast to those who wear the Navy wings of gold,
They are fearless fighting sailors,
who are strong and brave and bold,
They carouse a bit and party and drink quantities untold,
But they'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
And they'll never fly home again.

He was turning from the ninety when he got a trifle slow,
He ignored the pleading warnings of the frantic LSO.
When he finally added power, he was just too goddamn low,
And he'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

Oh, it wasn't lack of throttle, and it wasn't faulty trim,
He wasn't climbing in the groove, he didn't stall or spin,
He just forgot to switch his gas, too bad he couldn't swim,
And he'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

There were little bits of wreckage scattered over the naval base,
There's a little pool of blood to mark his final resting place,
He wears a "Mark 8" gunsight where he used to wear his face,
And he'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

Fifteen thousand dollars going home to his wife,
Fifteen thousand dollars going home to his wife,
Fifteen thousand dollars going home to his wife,
And he'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

THESE THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassiere,
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear,
Ejaculations in my glass of beer;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A naked photograph of Liberace,
The way you softly whisper suck-a-hatchi,
Syphlytic scars that make your face so blotchy;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pubic hair in my breakfast roll,
The smelly odor of your pungent hole,
The way you wrap your thighs around my pole;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A dirty whore strolling down the street,
A bloody Kotex in the rumbleseat,
I love my poontang but I beat my meat;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A bloody fetus on a marble slab,
A ten inch penis with a syphillis scab,
A quickie blow job in a taxi cab;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A twat that twitches like a moose's ear,
A dried-up condom in a glass of beer,
A ten pound titty in a loose brassiere;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A dirty jockstrap on the barroom floor,
A pool of blood beside a sleeping whore,
A rolled-up Tampex like an apple core;
These foolish things remind me of you.

SHE WORE HER NIGHTIE
(SHE WORE A TULIP)

She wore her nightie, her lily white nightie,
And I wore my B.V.D.'s
First I caressed her, and then I undressed her,
What a sight she showed to me!
I played with those titties, those lily white titties,
and down where the short hair grows -
As our kisses grew sweeter, I whipped out my Peter,
And white-washed her BIG RED ROSE!

NELLIE DARLING

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe Nellie darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's a yard of lint protruding from your naval,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy
And when you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass,
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So kindly make one, Dear and shove it up your ass.

SALLY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders
Cheeks of her ass went bam, bam, bam.

100 MILES

If you miss the church I'm in
Come around and Nape again
You can smell the people burn 100 miles.

CHORUS: 100 miles, 100 miles, you can.....
You can..... 100 miles.

Throw candy on the ground
Take the gun and shoot them down
You can see the children die, 100 miles.

CHORUS:

As you're diving to the deck
Pick out a school that you can wreck
You can hear the children scream, 100 miles.

CHORUS:

When this bloody war is won
We'll go see what we have done
All that's left are piles of bones, piles of bones.

CHORUS:

STRAFE THE TOWN (WAKE THE TOWN)

Strafe the town and kill the people,
It's the only thing to do.
Set your gunsights residential,
You'll get more kills if you do!

Drop the napalm in the schoolyard,
See the children run and shout.
Note the mass hysteria,
As they try to put it out!

43

#43 20-APR-2000 06:24:36.86
From: SBUFAA::FISHLM "LYDIA FISH"
To: IN% "ereilly@main.cwws.net"
CC: FISHLM
Subj: RE: Songbooks

MAIL

>I'm not sure if the navy ever had a bunch of singers, but I do (I think)
>have a songbook that was put out in VT-4, a navy training squadron, in 1971.
> I think it's packed away somewhere.
>I don't have any recordings.

Dear Errol

I'd love to have a copy of your songbook!!

The Project is very short of Navy material and I'm not sure why. There are a few pictures of Navy singers on my website, however.
(www.buffalostate.edu/~fishlm/folksongs/americansongs.htm)

Press RETURN for more...

MAIL>

#43 20-APR-2000 06:24:36.86
Thank you so very much.

MAIL

Lydia Fish

MAIL>

79 00

#70 30-APR-2000 10:16:30.17
From: IN%"ereilly@main.cwws.net" "Errol Reilly"
To: IN%"FISHLM@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU" "LYDIA FISH"
CC:
Subj: RE: Songbooks

MAIL

Return-path: <ereilly@main.cwws.net>
Received: from delta.cwws.net (delta.cwws.net [207.12.192.11])
by BUFFALOSTATE.EDU (PMDF V5.2-31 #40266)
with ESMTP id <01JOUDDSGB90938324@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU> for
FISHLM@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU (ORCPT rfc822;FISHLM@buffalostate.edu); Sun,
30 Apr 2000 10:16:27 EST
Received: from [207.12.202.161] (161-dialup.cwws.net [207.12.202.161])
by delta.cwws.net (8.9.3/8.9.3) with ESMTP id HAA24493 for
<FISHLM@buffalostate.edu>; Sun, 30 Apr 2000 07:14:52 -0700 (PDT)
Date: Sun, 30 Apr 2000 05:52:53 -0700
From: Errol Reilly <ereilly@main.cwws.net>
Subject: Re: Songbooks
To: LYDIA FISH <FISHLM@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU>

Press RETURN for more...

MAIL>

#70 30-APR-2000 10:16:30.17
Message-id: <200004301414.HAA24493@delta.cwws.net>
MIME-version: 1.0
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express for Macintosh - 4.01 (295)
Content-type: text/plain; charset="US-ASCII"
Content-transfer-encoding: 7bit
X-Priority: 3
Original-recipient: rfc822;FISHLM@buffalostate.edu

MAIL

That's be great...Thanks!
I'll have a copy made Monday and get it off to you. Send me the address
where to send it.
My address is:
Errol Reilly
6734 Leesburg Place
Stockton, CA 95207

>From: LYDIA FISH <FISHLM@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU>

Press RETURN for more...

MAIL>

#70 30-APR-2000 10:16:30.17
>To: ereilly@main.cwws.net
>Subject: Re: Songbooks
>Date: Sun, Apr 30, 2000, 5:39 AM
>

MAIL

>>Please send me your address at school and I'll Xerox a copy and send it to
>>you.

>

>Dear Errol

>

>Thank you so very much!

>

>May I send you a copy of the In Country recording as a small token of my
>appreciation? Would you prefer cassette or CD format?

>

>Lydia

69

#69 29-APR-2000 09:32:10.60

MAIL

From: IN%"ereilly@main.cwws.net" "Errol Reilly"
To: IN%"FISHLM@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU" "LYDIA FISH"
CC:
Subj: RE: Songbooks

Return-path: <ereilly@main.cwws.net>
Received: from delta.cwws.net (delta.cwws.net [207.12.192.11])
by BUFFALOSTATE.EDU (PMDF V5.2-31 #40266)
with ESMTP id <01JOSXJINYHG9380UU@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU> for
FISHLM@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU (ORCPT rfc822;FISHLM@buffalostate.edu); Sat,
29 Apr 2000 09:32:09 EST
Received: from [207.12.202.110] (110-dialup.cwws.net [207.12.202.110])
by delta.cwws.net (8.9.3/8.9.3) with ESMTP id GAA09744 for
<FISHLM@buffalostate.edu>; Sat, 29 Apr 2000 06:30:34 -0700 (PDT)
Date: Sat, 29 Apr 2000 05:08:35 -0700
From: Errol Reilly <ereilly@main.cwws.net>
Subject: Re: Songbooks
To: LYDIA FISH <FISHLM@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU>

Press RETURN for more...

MAIL>

#69 29-APR-2000 09:32:10.60

MAIL

Message-id: <200004291330.GAA09744@delta.cwws.net>
MIME-version: 1.0
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express for Macintosh - 4.01 (295)
Content-type: text/plain; charset="US-ASCII"
Content-transfer-encoding: 7bit
X-Priority: 3
Original-recipient: rfc822;FISHLM@buffalostate.edu

Please send me your address at school and I'll Xerox a copy and send it to you.

>From: LYDIA FISH <FISHLM@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU>
>To: ereilly@main.cwws.net
>Subject: Re: Songbooks
>Date: Thu, Apr 20, 2000, 4:24 AM
>

>>I'm not sure if the navy ever had a bunch of singers, but I do (I think)

Press RETURN for more...

MAIL>

#69 29-APR-2000 09:32:10.60

MAIL

>>have a songbook that was put out in VT-4, a navy training squadron, in 1971.
>> I think it's packed away somewhere.
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>
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>few pictures of Navy singers on my website, however.
>(www.buffalostate.edu/~fishlm/folksongs/americansongs.htm)
>
>Thank you so very much.
>
>Lydia Fish
>

50

#50 18-APR-2000 09:50:13.83
From: IN%"ereilly@main.cwws.net" "Errol Reilly"
To: IN%"fishlm@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU"
CC:
Subj: Songbooks

MAIL

Return-path: <ereilly@main.cwws.net>
Received: from delta.cwws.net (delta.cwws.net [207.12.192.11])
by BUFFALOSTATE.EDU (PMDF V5.2-31 #40266)
with ESMTP id <01JODKZ1ZDK091WD9J@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU> for
fishlm@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU (ORCPT rfc822;fishlm@buffalostate.edu); Tue,
18 Apr 2000 09:50:11 EST
Received: from [207.12.202.241] (241-dialup.cwws.net [207.12.202.241])
by delta.cwws.net (8.9.3/8.9.3) with ESMTP id GAA01990 for
<fishlm@buffalostate.edu>; Tue, 18 Apr 2000 06:49:07 -0700 (PDT)
Date: Tue, 18 Apr 2000 05:28:55 -0700
From: Errol Reilly <ereilly@main.cwws.net>
Subject: Songbooks
To: fishlm@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU

Press RETURN for more...

MAIL>

#50 18-APR-2000 09:50:13.83
Message-id: <200004181349.GAA01990@delta.cwws.net>
MIME-version: 1.0
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express for Macintosh - 4.01 (295)
Content-type: text/plain; charset="US-ASCII"
Content-transfer-encoding: 7bit
X-Priority: 3
Original-recipient: rfc822;fishlm@buffalostate.edu

MAIL

I'm not sure if the navy ever had a bunch of singers, but I do (I think)
have a songbook that was put out in VT-4, a navy training squadron, in 1971.
I think it's packed away somewhere.
I don't have any recordings.

MAIL>

May 1, 2000

Dear Lydia,

Enclosed you'll find the song-book I mentioned to you. It was made about 1971-2 at Training Squadron Four in Pensacola, Florida. All of the songs, I believe, are modifications of older versions that have been around for years.

It's no wonder that you're having difficulty getting Navy stuff. I can only recall a few times that impromptu songfests occurred. Our XO at VT-4 tried to get it started at happy hour but it just never took hold. Maybe all naval aviators have bad voices....I know I do.

At any rate there's one song I remember (partly) that was sung by Air Wing Fifteen aboard Coral Sea when we were in-port in Seattle. I believe it was in 1964. We had a new air wing commander, Cdr. Hank Glindeman, who took over the air wing at that time. The song goes to the tune of Old King Cole was a Merry Old Soul (I think).

Old Cag Hank was a merry old crank
and a merry old crank was he.
He awoke one night in the middle of a fight
and asked for his navigators three.
We're off-course who cares said the navigators,
There's none so fair as can compare with the men of the Coral Sea.

Old Cag Hank was a merry old crank
and a merry old crank was he.
He awoke one night in the middle of a fight
and he called for his navigators three.
Left, left, left dummy run said the navigators
We're off-course who cares said the navigators,
There's none so fair as can compare with the men of the Coral Sea

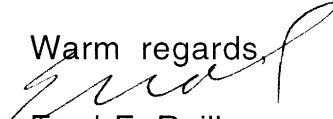
Old Cag Hank was a merry old crank
and a merry old crank was he.
He awoke one night in the middle of a fight
and he called for his aviators three,
I don't give a damn said the aviators,
Left, left, left dummy run said the navigators
We're off-course who cares said the navigators,
There's none so fair as can compare with the men of the Coral Sea.

Old Cag Hank was a merry old crank
and a merry old crank was he.

He awoke one night in the middle of a fight
and he called for his stewerdi three,
coffee, tea or me said the stewerdi,
I don't give a damn said the aviators,
Left, left, left dummy run said the navigators
We're off-course who cares said the navigators,
There's none so fair as can compare with the men of the Coral Sea.

I can't vouch for the accuracy of this, and there may have been more verses, but whatever, it's reasonably close. This song was sung at happy hours etc., for awhile throughout 1964. Somehow, the song kind of faded away when we got on the line in the Tonkin Gulf and everyone got a little busy planning for war.

Incidentally, could you send me a description of what the aims of the project are and what kind of information you're collecting? Whatever they are, good luck with it.

Warm regards,

Errol F. Reilly